

A. E. HURRICK.

BETHEL DIRECTORY.

ARRANGEMENT OF MAILS.
Mails Close.
Mails Arrive.
From East, 8:30 a. m. & 11 p. m. Closest mail to Portland and all points beyond 8:30 p. m. From West, 10 a. m. & 4:15 p. m. For Albany 8:30 p. m. For Lake Umbagog 11:45 a. m. Mails Arrive.
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BERLIN EDITION
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED
NEWS
NEXT WEEK.

The Bethel News.

NEWS ADS BRING
GOOD RESULTS! WHY?
1,250
COPIES WEEKLY CIRCULATION.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

Vol. II. No. 37

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BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10, 1897.

NEWS ABOUT HOME.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST, ETC., ETC.

"A CITY THAT IS SET ON A HILL CANNOT BE HID."

Saturday is now morning star.

Mr. Arthur Wiley spent Sunday at home.

Treating her cold—giving your young lady ice cream.

Mr. T. J. Foster has a nice lot of first class hay to sell.

A Providence tramp has been held for larceny for taking a bath.

Miss Mary True and Miss Lillian True spent Saturday in Portland.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Twaddle Thursday afternoon.

The Columbian Club met with Mrs. O. M. Mason Saturday P. M.

Wednesday the Universalist Literary Society met with Mrs. O. M. Mason.

A plan for forming a federation of the clubs in this village is being perfected.

Miss Carrie Hastings has finished her school at North Bethel, and returned to Bates College last Thursday.

Regular communication of F. and A. Masons of the Bethel Lodge, No. 97, tomorrow evening, Feb. 11; there may be work.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. B. C. F. M. met with Mrs. F. S. Chandler Friday P. M. The meeting was of unusual interest.

Experience proves the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures all forms of blood diseases, tones the stomach, builds up the nerves.

Increase of pension, ten dollars, has been allowed David S. Abbott of Rumford Point, through the Bethel Agency of J. G. Rich.

Edwin Gehring, who has been spending a week here, resting from his studies at the Boston school of Technology, returned to Boston Monday.

A pension of ten dollars a month has this week been allowed Joseph E. Brooks of Upton, Maine, through the Bethel Pension Agency of J. G. Rich.

Herman Mason came up from Rumford to spend Sunday. The Mason brothers have added the "novelty goods" to their manufacturing, and are doing a brisk business.

Mrs. Abiel Chandler has returned from a visit with friends, she also went to Augusta to see Mr. Chandler in hopes he could accompany her home, but it was decided that two months more treatment would be beneficial. It is hoped then, he can return to his home much improved.

The most successful rehearsal of the Bethel chorus that has taken place, was held at the Chapel last Thursday evening. It is hoped that the members will agree with what their director said, and be found in their proper places at the next rehearsal. It has been decided to hold a concert to defray the expenses of the chorus some time during Easter week.

My Neighbor Told Me

About Hood's Sarsaparilla and advised me to try it. This is the kind of advertising which gives Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world. Friend tells friend that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures; that it gives strength, vitality and vigor, and whole neighborhoods use it as a family medicine.

A Card.

I hereby desire to express my sincere thanks and grateful appreciation to my many friends both far and near, who in all kindness and sincerity have so generously and voluntarily procured for me the handsome copy of "Webster's International Dictionary," which far exceeded my expectations, and is all that "The News" claimed it to be. In the coming years the beautiful book, which now lies before me, will daily remind me of you all and the friendly interest manifested. And may I ever follow your noble precept, "Help one another." Lillian R. Kimball.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free of charge. Sold by Druggists.

P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WAR REMINISCENCES

OF THE BETHEL COMPANY,

Company I, Fifth Maine Regiment.

By COL. CLARK S. EDWARDS.

NUMBER VI.

On the night of May 3, and the following morning, Gen. Lee greatly strengthened his forces on Fredericksburg Heights, which he had reconquered, thus cutting off almost completely every avenue of escape for the Sixth Corps. As the morning of May 4th dawned, we realized the precarious situation in which we were. On our front was nearly the whole of Lee's army, on our left and in the rear were large forces, while on the right was a swollen river almost impassable. The only way opened for a retreat was by a single road leading to a ford above Fredericksburg five or six miles.

An early hour the regiment was under arms. It moved back a short distance toward the river. A line of battle was formed something like the shape of a horse-shoe, with Newton's division on the right, Howe's division on the left and Brooks' division in the center.

The Fifth Maine was on the left of the second brigade in Brooks' division, there being four regiments of the brigade on our right. We remained in this position till the middle of the afternoon, not a gun being heard from the main army under Hooker, when the rebels in expectation of annihilating or capturing the entire Sixth Corps, began, what they supposed in their jubilation over our hemmed-in situation, would be our last battle. Before the attack was made, I remember of seeing thousands of the rebel troops, passing our front in the direction of Fredericksburg. I then knew that Mary's Heights, which we had carried a short time before at a terrible loss of life, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Only twenty-four hours before this time, the entire corps was in excellent spirits, thinking that a sure route to Richmond had been opened, and that in a short time the Confederate Capital would be entered. A few hours later we were to be the victims of a surprise.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the battle began on our left and finally became general along the lines. The divisions of the rebel generals, Early, Anderson and McLane, came upon us with deafening yells. Howe's division received the heaviest blows. His division nobly withstood the attack and prevented the enemy from breaking our lines and thus cutting off our retreat. By the gallantry of Howe's division, the corps was enabled to cross the river at Bank's Ford. Over a thousand men had fallen, yet their lives had purchased the safety of the entire command.

Doubtless some members of the Bethel Company will remember how Gen. Sedgwick, "uncle John," as he was sometimes called, looked, as he sat upon his horse with glass in hand, directly in our front late in the afternoon. The Fifth Maine at this time was supporting the First Massachusetts Battery, with General Sedgwick's headquarters. As General or "Fighting Joe" Bartlett, General Russell and the colonels of the brigade. While watching the enemy massing their forces in our front across the Gordonsville turnpike, we could see their lines of battle as they marched out of a ravine by a large brick building. Gen. Sedgwick, I distinctly remember, as he saw this movement, turned in his saddle and said to Capt. McCartney of the Battery and said, "Captain, can you start those fellows up a little?" The captain replied, "I will try," jumped from his horse, sighted the gun then pulled the lanyard. I was looking for the result of the shell. Instantly the "house" became almost a total wreck. Never have I seen a single shot do greater damage. Soon after two batteries in concert with the First Massachusetts Battery opened on the "rebels" a murderous fire. The battery continued till evening, the enemy withdrawing from our front. As darkness came on, our brigade had orders to move, crossing the river at Bank's Ford. Each man was thankful that he had escaped from the perilous situation of the day, that had threatened either death on the field or starvation horrors in prison.

While passing over the bridge at Bank's Ford the batteries of the enemy on a bluff near by attempted to prevent our crossing, but were unable to depress their guns sufficiently to do any harm, for the shot fell into the water some twenty feet below the bridge. We all thought that our escape was miraculous. We moved a short distance from the river, where we bivouacked, as we supposed, for the night. Just as I was about to forget trouble, I received orders to counter-march or retrace our steps till we had passed the entire corps. Not knowing what was awaiting us after the terrible day that had just closed, I will frankly admit that I was more than somewhat anxious, when the order was received.

The Fifth Maine marched back some two miles toward the rear of the corps, we faced about, deploying a company on each side of the road. The 121st New York regiment was with us at this time. We had been selected by the gallant Sedgwick to cover the retreat of the Sixth Corps. On the morning of May 5th, the corps recrossed the Rappahannock on the pontoon bridge at Bank's Ford, the 5th being the last to cross the river. While we had occupied many important positions during the second campaign around Fredericksburg, yet no greater honor came to us than this selection of the regiment to cover the retreat of the "fighting" Sixth Corps. At three o'clock in the morning of May 5th, the Sixth Corps was safe on the north bank of the Rappahannock, and the bridge taken up.

We will now give a brief sketch of Clement S. Heath, son of Tilton B. Heath, born in Gilead in 1825, enlisted in the Bethel Company April 23, 1861, and mustered into the U. S. service June 23, was discharged for disability the following August.

In his boyhood days he resided in North Albany and attended what is known as the Bennett school, and lived to manhood in the red "house" above the school building.

After his return he lived in different places in and around our village. He was living in what is known as the Frost house near the Mills Brown crossing at the time of his death. His wife, a daughter of the late Andrew Stiles, died some two years previous. He was an honest, upright man, one who had a mind of his own, and borrowed but few ideas from others. He was always ready for an argument, and many a one has come out second best who undertook to floor him. He died leaving a portion of his property to the Universalist church of this place.

Henry Vallancourt enlisted in the Bethel Company April 23, 1861, and was mustered into the U. S. service June 23rd and mustered out July 27, 1862. He was of French descent, his native place being Quebec. At the time he enlisted, he was working for the Russells in the furniture shop at Walker's Mill, now South Bethel. He was a good soldier, always ready to do his part in camp or on the field. He was not often known to answer to the "surgeon" or "drill" to quinine and whiskey.

He being a British subject, on request of his father, the government was obliged to discharge him. His papers came to me, and as I handed them to him that July morning when encamped on the "James" river at Harrison's Landing, I remember that as he received them, the tears were trickling down his manly cheeks, and he said, "Captain, this is no fault of mine; I must obey my father."

He was one of the first to enlist in the Bethel Company and left here that memorable May morning, of which I have so often spoken. While with us he was always with his company and took part in the battles of Bull Run, West Point at the head of York river, Gaines' Hill, Charles City, Cross Roads and Malvern Hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Reminder of Army Life.

Mr. Lou Smith, editor of the Commercial, Meriden, Pa., says: "A chronic diarrhoea that returns at frequent intervals, as a reminder of army life, has been more effectually controlled by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy than any other I have ever used. It possesses true merit." For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant's Pond.

Subscribe for the BETHEL NEWS.

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

"From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe."

SUNDAY.

"Somewhere between self-analysis and self-forgetfulness lies the happy consciousness of God's presence, of God's perfection. This is the religious consciousness, humble in its prayerfulness, triumphant in its praise." Rev. Israel Jordan.

MONDAY.

"I slept, and dreamt that life was Beauty; I woke, and found that life was Duty."

"Was my dream then, a shadowy lie? Tell on, sad heart, courageously! And thou shalt find thy dream to be A noon-day light and truth to thee."

TUESDAY.

"We invite what we expect."

WEDNESDAY.

"What we do and think today, will largely govern our experience of tomorrow, and all future days."

THURSDAY.

"There is no real life but cheerful life." Addison.

FRIDAY.

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." Emerson.

SATURDAY.

"But if for any wish thou darest - not pray, Then pray to God to cast that wish away." Coleridge.

Our Blunders.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

"Well," said the hostess, looking reminiscent, "which particular brand of blunders do you prefer? Will you hear of the man who drank the nice warm water in his finger bowl, and put the geranium leaf in his button-hole at a Washington dinner party? By the way, I told that story once at the Ladies' Club, and it was capped by a similar instance, only the dear old man who made the blunder was kept in countenance by his hostess, who instantly followed his example. How much water she actually drank the deponent saith not, but I thought it was a beautiful exhibition of quick-thoughted kind-heartedness, till I heard one brightly positive young neighbor say under her breath: 'I never would have forgiven that lady, never, after I had found out what I had done.' I tried to re-assure her by presuming that he probably never did find it out in this life, and wouldn't care in the next—but she refused to be comforted, and I saw very distinctly the possibility of two entirely opposite points of view from equally sincere people. 'I should think 'haec fabula docet,' anything you are of a mind to have it,' laughed the Observer, 'but those cruelly funny mistakes one cannot thoroughly enjoy. One can't take clear comfort in laughing at a blunder when the blunderer has not had the opportunity of knowing better.'

"It really seems to me that considering the finger-bowl question slays its thousands annually; that there should be a finger-bowl 'chair' established at all institutions of learning.

"To be sure the salary could not be large, because the course of instruction, illustrated by object lessons, would only occupy three minutes at the very largest limit—even with elaborations, such as the European custom of placing it at your right; would not take over five minutes. How do we know how many cases of sudden and unaccountable 'disappearances' may be attributed to the fact that victims of the finger-bowl blunder found it out, and feeling like our intense young neighbor, without her 'balanced character,' thought that the unpardonable social error had been committed, and that earth was no longer endurable.

"It grows upon me, this thought: Now that the public schools of Maine are coming under the much needed eye of public attention, perhaps it will be a favorable time to suggest this new 'chair' before the 'Pedagogical Society'—but go on."

"How about the man travelling in a Swiss diligence, and with a laudable desire to make conversation, turning to his next neighbor with this criticism, 'Did you ever see such an exceedingly plain woman as the one opposite you?'

"S-I-T-E-R-H-I-I-I! That is, my wife."

"Ow! Ow! Oh! Not that one! Oh, no, indeed! Not at all! I meant the person next to your wife."

"S-I-T-E-R-H-I-I-I! That is my daughter!"

"Served him right! Nemesis caught him and boxed his ears, as he richly deserved. But you have not yet touched upon the kind of blunders that fill me with terror; the undeserved, unexpected, unfair ones are the kind that give me an overmastering sense of the eerie and uncanny; such, for instance, as that poor lady made, who, upon finding her seat in church one Easter morning filled with a group of thoughtless young men and women, said with great dignity, 'Young people, I occupy this pews; or the other society woman who presented her sons to a famous man—their names being Abbott and Bigelow—in this manner. 'Allow me to present my sons, Bigot and Abelow; I beg your pardon, Abelow and Bigot,' or the lady—a Bethel woman, too—who, upon entering a bank in great haste, asked to 'please kesh this chack,' and feeling her blunder, peremptorily corrected it with 'chash this keck!'

"Oh, delicious!" cried the hostess, rubbing her little, cold hands, "that sounds like the poor minister's struggle with the Scripture reading when he said: 'Not one tit or tittle—bne tot or tittle—one tit or tittle,'—and by that time not half-a-dozen in the whole congregation could have told that it was 'tot or tittle' he was after."

"Here's a funny thing. On board the British India Steamer, Galconada, from Naples to London, an English lady told us that she actually heard that mistake when it was made by a famous English clergyman," said the Observer. "He would have received the sympathy of the public speaker who pathetically remarked before an audience, that 'We all have a half-warmed fish in our hearts,' when of course the poor fellow meant, 'half-formed wish.' I actually once heard a girl call angrily down stairs to know why the maid was so slow in bringing up the 'peets and shillow-cases?'

"There's the lecturer on English History," continued the hostess, "who said: 'One of the differences between Dicky and Thackens—Dackery and Thickens—Thickery and Dackens,' and sat down amid roars of applause."

"Fancy his bewilderment! Here's another brace of situations. Imagine the feelings of an American gentleman receiving the graceful parting salutation of a French lady upon the street, and endeavoring to respond with the sweeping French bow, which removes the hat with the arm fully extended, but by an unfortunate backward step floundering in the gutter, and ending his abasement by dropping his shining hat in the mud. Who but an American would have most wittily told the story about himself? The keen sense of humor that loses self in a good story is purely American. This one, unvisited for though it must have been, had no lasting sting, but fancy the feelings of a friend of mine who had criminally forgotten the death of a reprobate young brother of a lady, and asked with a tone of infinite gaiety, 'What new mischief is Jack up to these days?' Don't laugh. That was simply a dreadful trickery of evil sprites."

"Oh, you are under a morbid spell," came soothingly from the hostess' lips. "Very likely you are enduring much vicarious suffering. You make me think of that wonderful little poem by Sill, 'The Fool's Prayer.' Do you know these verses in it?"

The ill-timed, truth we might have kept;
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say,
Who knows how grandly it had rung?
Our faults no tenderness should ask.
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all.
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall!
Earth has no balsams for mistakes.
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool.
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool."

"To think that little—too little—book of verses is all we are to know of that wonderful poet soul on earth," moaned the Observer. "At any rate Edith Thomas is left to sing out her songs. I always associate these two Western singers; but 'woe is me,' ejaculated the startled Observer, "if my crowning blunder will be to have caused you an attack of pneumonia by this winter symposium. Good bye."

The hostess smiled a deprecating but shivery smile; the street-door clanged and the Observer wended her way meditatively down the village street, watching a rosy light, touch the blue and silver curves of Saddle-Back, and wondering "if the light that never was on sea, or land" could be much fainter than the amber glow that floods over Bethel valley at eventide.

Want of Time.

The man who immerses himself in business that he may accumulate vast property, or that his family may live luxurious and idle lives, has no right to plead want of time for other claims. It is not true that he cannot comply with them, but that he has chosen not to do so. The woman who, absorbed in a round of society and society, declares that she has no time to train her children and superintend her household, uttering an excuse as vain as it is false. She simply decides to use her time for other purposes. And this liberty of choice belongs to every one, in spite of any desire or attempt to disclaim it.—New York Ledger.

Tennis Club Reception.

Miss Bertha Wiley gave a charming reception, of a most original character, to the Tennis Club on Friday evening, from 7.30 till 10 P. M.

The golden invitation cards bore in one corner the mysterious words, "Pop-corn Party." After some delightful music, by the Misses Carter and Ethel Richardson, each lady received a necklace of popcorn tied with a ribbon, and each gentleman a loop of ribbon matching some-ones necklace. Search was instantly made for the corresponding color, and the Club marched in procession, preceded by Miss Wiley and Mr. Lawrence, to the dining-room, where little tables for four, and a big table, most inviting in character, filled the room.

Each guest was provided with a pencil and golden paper, and asked to write eight words beginning with "corn" and the name of one general.

Mrs. Gehring and Durward Mason won the prizes.

The room was charmingly decorated for the occasion. Golden ears of corn hung from the chandelier; festoons of white kernels were looped upon the mantle, the supper table was in yellow and white, and most daintily arranged and served.

Charades filled the remainder of one of the most delightful evenings in the annals of the Club.

IN MEMORY.

Died in Errol, N. H., Jan. 3, 1897, Hannah, wife of Freeman S. Johnson, aged 24 years, 4 months, 11 days. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were married at the home of her father, Mr. Geo. Nichols, Weymouth, N. S., July 19, 1896. They immediately went to Errol to reside.

Life looked so bright for the happy couple, saddened now by the shadow of death.

Mrs. Johnson was much loved by all who made her acquaintance. May her parents, brothers and sisters, also her husband, who so kindly cared for her during her illness, accept our heartfelt sympathies in these hours of bereavement.

Far away from home and mother, In the dear old Grand Old State, Where the snow will deeply cover Summer flowers to their fate, Lay the fair young bride so patient, Calling brothers to her side, Telling them that she must leave them:

She must cross the crystal tide. Then she turned her eyes to brother, "Will you take me home with you? For it is a long, sad journey, And what will poor Joe do?"

"We will take him with us, sister, For his heart is kind and true, And he'd gladly grant the favor That you say dear mother'd do."

Three long weeks of tender watching, O'er his young bride, lately wed, Can he think of this sad parting? Must he realize she is dead?

No, she has only gone with a message, Where none but the purest go; And we know her journey was measured.

With ribbon white as snow, The angels came down so lightly In their chariots of gold, That we never heard a rumble Of the wheels, as they silently rolled.

And she closed her eyes in slumber, Kissing loved ones all good night, As they bore her away in silence 'Midst their wings so pure and white.

"Grieve not for me, though you're lonely, When I've crossed the misty shore; Keep thy smiles, be true and holy, There I'll welcome you once more."

"Weep not, husband, I will wait thee, For on earth no more I roam, But your smiles I'll carry with me, Far from earth to 'Home, sweet Home.'"

VITELLA MASON DAVIS.

In Memoriam.

Fell asleep Thursday, Feb. 4, 1897, Mrs. Susan Hill, Locke, aged 87 years, 9 months, widow of the late C. R. Locke.

Last Sunday we laid to rest in God's acre one of His dear ones, one whom many knew and loved. Coming to us as a bride, sixty-four years ago, three generations have witnessed the beauty of her life.

As long as she could hear the message, her seat was never vacant in her Father's House. She retained all her other faculties perfectly. When God called her into the "still life," He seemed to reveal to her the "King in His beauty." For years her home has been a summer rest for many. If they come as strangers, they left feeling as if they were parting from a dear friend.

Here were the hands of a "cunning worker," and her many friends delighted to send her the choicest of "wool and flax and silk" to be worked into fabrics that will be reminders to her children of their mother's love. This slight tribute is offered by one who for over forty years knew and loved her.

Not Them.

'Sunday School Teacher—Now boys, speak right up and answer promptly. Who carried off the gates of Gaza?

Every Boy (promptly and in chorus) "Twant' me. I didn't touch them gates."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher Can Live But Few Hours Longer.

Stamford, Conn., February 8.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was stricken with very unfavorable turn this evening. It is feared that she will not live until morning. She had three fainting spells before she died. She is rapidly becoming weaker.

Wanted—An idea

Who can think of some simple, yet effective, way to cure deafness? Write to W. D. Pratt, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. We will give \$1,000 prize for the best idea. Send for circulars; free of charge.

Job Printing at News Office.

PISO'S CURE FOR

GRASS WHILE ALL LIFE LASTS. Inflammation of the Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by Druggists.

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